

Upon thy cote vengeance vengeance they cry
 Thou art the cause they may not rest nor ly
 Thou liss for shame feld plaitis i lathis or cryd
 Dot geris me tell thair frontalis of my lordis
 And thair ald sin Wyth new schame ceryfy
 Intenuate told cello falk Eustale aye
 And knald hene scald J bald of alathya
 And cause me not the cause lang to declare
 Off thy curs lynn denther and his Allya
 Cum to the croce on heneis and mah acrya
 Confesse thy crime bald henpy the king
 And Wythane hantorne scourge thy self ad byng
 This dier thy penaunce Wyth deliquisti quia
 Pas to my committare and be cofest
 Cour before him on heneis i cum in Will
 And syne ger Scodo for thy lyf protest
 Renounce thy rymis bath ban and him the buss
 Here to the heyn thy handis ande bald the still
 Do thou not thus bogaw thou salbe brynt
 Wyth pil: fire ter gun puldore or lunt
 On Arthuris sete or on ane byar byll
 J peranibalit of pernaio the montayn
 Enlpirie Wyth Mercury fra his goldyn spere
 And dulcely drant of eloquence the fontayne
 When it was purific Wyth frost and snow clere
 And thou come fule in marche or februer
 Thare till a pulk and drank the padok roo
 That geris the ryme in to thy termes glod
 And bladeris that nois nians eris to here
 Thou lufis nane irische elf J understand
 Dot it suld be all treld scottis menis lede
 It was the gud langage of this land

And scotait causit to multiply : speede
 Dubill carspatrit that we of trefless rede,
 Thy fore fader maid irisch : irisch men thin
 Throu his trefless broght inglis rumples in
 Sa wald thy self in þou to hun succede
 Ignorant / fule in to thy mo wis : mokis
 It may be verisyt that thy wit is thin
 Dubare thou writis denline drit apoun the rattis
 Denline of odenark ar of the kingis lyn
 The wit thou suld haue had, was castin in
 E dyn at thyne ers bak wart wyth a staf along
 Here fore false harlot hurstone bald thy tong
 Deulhere thou devis the deull thyne eme wyth dyn,
 Dubare as thou said þ I shall hennis : lamyas
 Platt the Witt I haue land flore : statkis
 Thou wald be sayn to gnaw lad wyth thy gamys
 Wnd my burd smoch banis behynd doggis balitis
 Thou has a come purs, I haue scots : rakkis
 Thou synt cultur I haue cultur : plench
 Substance and gere thou has a wedy trench
 On mount falconis about thy crag to rax
 And yit mount falconis gallowis is our fair
 For to be fylde wyth sik a fruteles face
 Cum hame and hyng on oure gallowis of aire
 To erd the wnd it I sall purchas grace
 To ete thy flesch, the doggis sall haue na space
 The rabyns sall ryde na thing bot thy tang rutis
 For thou sik malice of thy maister mutis
 It is wele sett þ thou sik baraf brace
 Small fynance / among thy frendis thou beggie
 To stanch the storm wyth baly muldis thou lose
 Thou sailit to get a dolwarr for to dreg it

It lyes closet in a clout on Ireland coast
Sit rule gerris the be ieruit Wyth cald rost
And sitt vnsonpit oft beyond the sey
Crian caritas at duris amore dei
Darefut bachelers and all in duddis vp dost
Deulbert has not ado Wyth a dunbar
Theert of murray bure that surname ryght
That euyt freld to the king and constant Ware
And of tha kyn come dunbar of West seide knygh t
That succellone is hardy Wyk and Wyth
And has na thing ado no W Wyth the deule
Dot deulbert is thy kyn and leuis the Wele
And has in hell for the a chaunir of the

Cursit croapand craw I sall get crop thy tong
And thou sall cry co: mundium on thy knees
Duerth I sall dyng the quhill thou dryte and dong
And thou sall lik thy lippis i suere thou leis
I sall degrade the graces of thy greis
Scale the for scorne and shere the of the scule
Oer round the bede transfoyme the till a fule
And syne Wyth fresone frone the to the freis

Rall molit ribald renegate rehatour
My linage and fore bearis War ay lele
It cuis of hynde to the to be at raytoure
Taryde on ny to rug to reue and slele
Dubare thou puttis poriosi to me I appelle
The in that part prerie it pelour Wyth chypersone
Clame not to clergy I deky the gersone
Thou sall by it dere Wyth me doertbe i thou dele
In ingland oule sild be thyne habit acione
Homage to Edward langschank maid thy kyn
In dunbar that reslaunt hym the false nacion

They suld be exilde Scotland mare et myn
 A stark gallo wy a Wedy and a pyn
 The hede poynt of thyne eldis armes ar
 Wrytten abone in poeli, hang dundar
 Quarr and draw, and mak that surname thin
 I am the kingis blude his trew speciall clerik
 That ne wir yit ymaginit hym offense
 Constant in myn allegaunce Word of Werth
 Onely dependand on his excellence
 Traistand to haue of his magnificence
 Guedon reward and benefice be done
 Quhen þe rabyne sal ryde out bath thine ene
 And on the ratts sal be thy residence
 Fra et the forest furthward to drum frele
 Thou beggit wyth a pardoun in all kirkis
 Collapis cruellis mele grotis grilis i geis
 And on þe quible shall thou staggis et stirkis
 De cause þe Scotland of thy begging irkis
 Thou scapis in france to be a kny of the selde
 Thou has thy clamschellis and thy burdoun helde
 Wnbonest wayis all Wolronsi þe thou Wirtis
 Thou may not pas mount barnard for wilde bestis
 Nor Wyn throu mount scarpce for the snalwe
 Mount nycho! as mount godart thare aretis.
 Brigantis sith bois and blyndis thin wyth a blawe
 In paris wyth the maister burialle
 Abyde and be his prentice nere the bank
 And help to hang the pere for half a frank
 And at the last thy self shall thole the lawe
 Haltane harlot the deuill haue guide thou haia
 For fault of puillance pelour thou mon pat the
 Thou drank thy trist, sald i Wed sett thy clais

There is na lord that wil in seruice tak the
 A pab of flakymis synance for to mak the
 Thou sall reslaue in dankyn of my tailye
 With deprofundis send the and that failye
 And I sall send the black deuill for to bak the

In to the katryne thou maid a foule cabute
 for thou be trete hir donst fra starn to stere
 Upon hir spys was sene thou coust schute
 Thy dirt cleys till hir to liss this xx yere
 The firmament na firth was ne wir cler
 Dubill thou deuillere deuills birth was on the see
 The laulis had lonynt thou the syn of the
 War not the peple maid la grette prayere
 Duben that the schip was laynt et vndir sailis
 foul brow in holl thou prepet for to pas
 Thou schot and was not letar of thy tailye
 Deschate the stere the compas et the glas
 The shippat bas get land the at the bas
 Thou se wit and kest out mony a lathly lomp
 faster than all the marynaris coust pomp
 And now thy waime is wers than ewir it was.

Had that bene prouait la of schote of gone
 By men of were but perle thay had pass
 As thou was lous and redy of thy bunc
 Thay my haue sene the collum at the last
 for thou wald ruh a cartfull at a cast
 There is na schip that wil the now reslaue
 Thou sylde faster than by ftenelun my lawe
 And mynt thaym wyth thy mak to the myd mast
 Throu ing and the and tak the to thy sute
 And boust with the to haue a fa se berwand
 A horse marshall thou call the at the mure

And with that craft convoy the throu the land
 Be na thing argy, tak ferly on hand
 Happyn thou to be hangit in northumbir,
 Than all thy kyn ar wele quyte of thy cumber
 And that mon be thy dome J undir stand
 Hye souerane lorde lat ne wir this synfull soe
 Do schame / frahame / vnto your nacion
 That ne wir name lik ane be callit a scot
 A rottyn crok / louse of the ash thare donst
 Fra honest folk deuoide this lastly lous
 In sunn desert / quhare thare is na repaire
 For: fyllyng and infecting of the aire
 Carry this cankerit corrupt carion
 Thou was consuit in the grete eclips
 A monstir maid be god mercurius
 Na bald agayn, na hoo is at thy hips
 Infortunate falle et furus
 Eyll schyrl, n wan thryden: not clene na curius
 A myten full of fyt, ag schydom like
 A crabbit scabbie euill facit messan tye
 A schit but wit / schit et iniurius
 Greit in the glayth, gude maister gillia gubth
 Our impyte in poetry or in prose
 All clois vnder cloud of ny thou cuthis
 Rymis thou of me, of rethory the rose
 A mathe lymare luschbald louse thy hose
 That I may touch thy tone wth tribulation
 In recompensyng of thy conspiration
 Or: turlie the out of scootland tak thy chose
 Ane benefice quha wa d gyneclic ane bege
 Not gif it war to gyngill indas bellis
 Tak the a sidill or a floyte et geste.

Wondought thou art o: danyt to not ellis
 Thy cloutie cloke thy skyrp i thy clausibellis
 Cleete on thy coze/and fare on in to france
 And cum thou ne wir agayn but a mischance
 The fend fare wyth the forthward our the fellis.

Canbric Capin tryit fro Wane tutiullus
 Harmaidyn myfiken monfir of all men,
 I all get baze the to the lard of hill house
 To iuelly the in stede of a pullie hen
 folowit faste/ folowit in felych and ten
 foude fond fend fide upon thy phisnom fy
 Thy dok of diert dreyis i will ne wir dey
 To tunc thy tone it has tryit carlingis ten
 Conspiratour curlic cocatrice, hell caa
 Turk trumpour/ traitour/ tryan inemperate,
 Thou irefull attircap pilate apostata
 Judas iold iuglour lollard laureate
 Sarazene/ symonye/ probit pagane pronficiate
 Machomete manesworthe/bugrit abhominabile
 Deuill dampnit dog sodomite insatiable
 With gog and magog grete glorificate
 Nero thy neww golias thy grantfure
 Pharaos thy lab Egypa thy dame
 Deulbere thir at the causis that i conspire
 Temygantis temple the/erwa spalus thine em
 Belshub thy full broochir Will clame
 Tode thyne air and Cayphas thy sectour
 Pluto thy bede of kyn and protectour
 To hell to lede the, on ly day and lene
 Herode thyne othir Ene and grete Egeas
 Marciane/machomete/and maxencius
 Thy trew hymnithur Antenor et Eneas

Thow thy nere nece/and austerli Othello
 Puttredid baal and Eyobulus.
 This fendis ar the flour of thy four branchis
 Sterand the potis of hell et ne die stanchis
 Doubt not deulbere tu es dyabolus

Deulbere thy here/of were/but fear thou yelde
 Hangit mangit eotangit skyns skulcorun
 To me maist hie/benyois/et flee the selde
 Pirchit Wichtit con/Wichtit lapit lollarwort
 Defamyt/blamyt/schamyt pimas paganorum
 Durt/out. I schout/apon that lino/ot that frewillis
 Tale tellare/rebellare/induellar/Wyth the deullis
 Spynh/sink Wyth synh/ad fectera terrarum

Wythin a garth, vnd a rede tolere
 Ane ald man, and decrepit here I syng
 Gay was the note/Inete was the voce et clere
 It was grete joy to here of sik a thing
 And to my dome, he said in his dycyng
 For to be yong I wold not for my wis
 Of all this warld to make me lord et king
 The more of age/the nerar be bynnis blis
 false is this warld and full of variance
 Delouche With syn, and othir sytis mo
 Creuch is all tynyt gyle has the gouernance
 Wrechitnes has wreche all welchis wel to wo,
 freedom is tynyt/and demyt the lordis fro
 And couatise is all the cause of this
 I am content/that youshede is ago.
 The more of age/the nerar be bynnis blis
 The state of youth I requere for na gude
 For in that state, sik perills now I see

Not full smal grace the regering of his blis
 Can non gayntland, quibill þ he agit be,
 Syne of the thing þ tofore ioyt be
 Noþing remayns for tobe callit his
 for quib it were bot veray vauitee
 The more of age the ner ar þei ynnis blisse
 Suld no mā traist this Wrecche Warld for quib

Of erdly ioy as forow is the end
 The state of it can nomā certify

This day a king to moost na gude to spend
 Dubar haue we here bot grace vs to defend
 The quibill god grant vs for to mend our mys
 That to his glore he may our sautis send
 The more of age the ner ar þei ynnis blisse

DE vile prowes and eke humiltee
 That maidenis haue in eilich Wyse
 Transmouit is in serpentis crueltee
 fra thay in Warld be weddit Wyth thir Wyis.
 No mānis Wit to Wond may suffice
 Dubare ar becūmyn thir maidenis myld of mynde,
 Offall thir Wyfis þ non ar found gude

O maidyn bede of vertu noblest
 Flourishing in ioy and perfyte la Wylynes
 O Wythede Warit of Wyis Wichtest
 Moder of vice, and hertis hie distresse
 The cause causing of ruyne as i gelle
 That all this Warld has broght to confusion
 Begūmyn Was throu thy persuation

En/ample his how thyne iniquitee
 Durcūmyn has Wyfedom a strench of hand
 De salomon the first may prouit be
 Willett but were in Warld þ Was lyfand

His grete Wille dome my not agayn the stand
 Thou gert hym err in to his last ende
 Declyne his god, and to the malwyncutis yeld
 Sampson the foile strongest þe Wit was borne
 Offmanky foile throu the destroit was
 Doth his eyne blyndit and the forlorne
 Dauid that slew the gyant golyas
 And mony mo, the quibill: I haue na space
 for to reherse for lak of tyme and Wit
 And for grete labour thar fore I mon our self

Thou deyllis member thou cussit homycide
 Thou tigre tene fulfild of birnyng fyre
 Thou schryne secreete of synk and boke & pride
 Thou cocatras that with the sight of thy ire
 Astrayit has full mony a gudely fyre
 That eff Ward in Warld had ne Wit plesance
 Grete god I pray to tak on the vengeance
 In maidynbede sen was oure first remede
 And fra the bedyn oure haly fader sent
 The secound persone his sone in a god bede
 To tak mā kynde apon the maidyn gent
 Cleue of hir corse, and cleuar of entent
 That bure the barne quibill colit vs fra care
 Scho being virgyn cleuar than scho was are
 Grete was the lusk that thou had for to fang
 The frute betit throu thy falle counsailing
 Thou gert mankynde consent to do that wrang
 Declyne his god, and brek his hye bidding
 As haly Witte beris lufthast Witnesling
 Thar for thou fro the ioy of paradise
 And thyne of ioying was banyt for thy vice

Explicit.

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General Pitt-Rivers
 (General Pitt-Rivers)



